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The Bite Of The Bumblebat or Freaky Teeth

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Abstract

A sullen breeze the towers wrapped In fragrances of pine and dark. A spiderweb the moonlight trapped, And in the woods a werewolf's bark Cursed the battlements that rose Above the trees...

The Bite Of The Bumblebat or Freaky Teeth

**by Kay James
Zoology 4**

A sullen breeze the towers wrapped
In fragrances of pine and dark.
A spiderweb the moonlight trapped,
And in the woods a werewolf's bark
Cursed the battlements that rose
Above the trees.

Out of the silence of the waxing moon
Soft-treaded steps were made. Unheard,
They climbed to the highest room
And up still more, without a word,
To the very top, where he stopped and gazed
With eyes like cherries.

Atop the highest tower he stood;
The master of this wide domain,
The overseer of the mighty wood.
The peasants knew him; they would not fain
Provoke his wrath because they feared
His freaky teeth.

Done with viewing, about he whirled
And started down the stairs of stone,
When 'round his legs his long cloak curled
And tripped him. With a mighty moan
He tumbled down the stairs like a cardboard shoebox
And broke a spooky tooth.

He picked himself up from the floor,
His spooky tooth clutched in his hand.
"I'll bite," cried he, "no more, no more!
Unless I find a dentist and
Get this spooky tooth repaired!"
So resolved,

He wrapped his cape around his arms
And flapped them as a birdie would.
Red eyes burned, brim-full of harm
Intended, and where a man had stood
A big black bat rose on the air,
A fang gripped in its feet.

Across the face of the castle wall
Swept furry wings of blood and fright.
The werewolf did a warning call:
"The master's going forth tonight!"
So the vampire made his way
To the sleeping village.

The dentist's office was in sight;
A painted sign proclaimed the door.
The vampire, in his batly flight,
Rushed the last few yards in more
Than prudent haste and bumbled, SPLAT!
Against the wall.

The bat lay for a moment, stunned,
As lights grew bright upon the scene.
With haste, the bat form was undone,
And the fiend again was seen;
Stretched on the ground, his cloak
Spread out around him.

A window opened. "What's going on?"
The sleepy, blear-eyed dentist cried.
Sharp teeth gleamed as the vampire yawned
And showed his fang. "Let me inside,
I need your skill! Emergency!"
The vampire yelled.

The dentist for a moment gazed
Upon the quite unusual sight.
Too tired then to be afraid
He said, "I'll fix your tooth tonight,
But you're going to get one hell of a bill
For my trouble!"

The window closed, more lights did shine.
The bat-man scrambled to his feet.
The front door opened; a woman fine
And lovely did the vampire meet.
As the demon drooled, "Come in," she said.
"I'm the dentist's wife."

The vampire studied her, toe to head;
"Just my kind of girl," he thought.
Then he recalled he had not fed;
"Oho, what a prize we've caught,
My wicked spooky tooth and I—
I'm glad it broke!"

He walked inside the office door
Still staring at the woman fair.
The dentist's steps tapped on the floor;
He led the vampire to the chair
And tucked a bib around his neck.
"Now, open wide . . ."

The dentist was a jealous man
And he'd seen the demon's lusting glare
Cast upon the wife so fine
And lovely; that's why he did dare
To mix a little garlic with the tooth cement.
The vampire went wild.

Up from the dentist's chair he flew,
His hands clutched to his mouth in pain.
He shouted, screamed, and swore a bright blue
Streak, but it was all in vain.
A bane the garlic proved to be—
It made him croak!

The police chief called it homicide,
". . . but justifiable," he said.
No peasant for the vampire cried;
They all preferred him Truly Dead.
So they buried him with a garlic wreath—
Him and his freaky teeth.